SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1907.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Secon Class Mall Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail. Postpaid.	
DAILY, Per Month80	50
DAILY, Per Year 6	00
SUNDAY, Per Year 2	6.3
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year 8	00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	70
Postage to foreign countries added.	

Published by The Sua Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York.

Paris office, 32 Rue Louis le Grand. The daily and Sunday editions are on sale at Klosque 12, near the Grand Hotel: Klosques 14 and 77. Boulevard des Capucines, and Klosque 19. Boulevard des Italiens.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

How Different!

The subjoined sketch of the activities and proclivities of a truly individual if imperfect ruler of men comes to us from a trustworthy source:

"The hours which the Emperor owed to his people were consumed in strenuous idleness. The greater part of the afternoon he spent in the sphæristerium or tennis court, the only theatre of his victories; from thence he passed to the Asiatic side of the Bosporus, hunted and killed four wild boars of the largest size, and returned to the palace proudly content with the labors of the day."

The name of this ancient instance of or sided genius, of foolish energy, of monotonous and unfruitful strepuosity, is ROMANUS II., the son of CONSTAN-TIME PORPHYROGENITUS. He was one of the historical failures. He passed out of the sight and almost out of the memory of mankind nearly a thousand years agoall but forgotten because he was proudly content with so little.

The name of the reporter of his insufficient strenuosities is EDWARD GIBBON, an Englishman.

Mr. Bryan Upon the Rate Law. Probably no man but WILLIAM J. BRYAN knows how the railroad rate regulation bill is working out. Some of the railroad presidents and managers feel its effects, or think they do, and the Interstate Commerce Commission is grappling with it. But in the presence of Mr. BRYAN no one will profess knowledge of the operation of the law, which is only nine months old. In a talk at the Jamestown Exposition on Memorial Day Mr. BRYAN told his countrymen what had been the effects of the rate law, as follows:

"There are two effects so far. One is that it stopped rebates; that is good, but what was the pecuniary effect? Why, the railroads kept the money they paid to the favored shippers; that is, the railroads got more money out of them. What was the other effect? It stopped passes. What did that do? It gave to the railroads the money that the fellows used to save who rode on passes So far we have increased the revenues of the roads, and that is all that the law has done thus far."

The fact is, in discussing the effects of the railroad rate bill Mr. BRYAN showed his usual animus and ignorance. What those effects are no man really knows. although demagogues may rail.

to think. But in other ways a herculean task was imposed upon the commission, and the railroads, to use a colloquialism, do not know "how they are coming

We shall know more about the operawhat success the commission has had in enforcing, and whether the companies have resisted, the salient provision that "all charges made for any service rendered or to be rendered in the transportation of passengers or property, or in connection therewith, shall be just and reasonable, and every unjust and unreasonable charge for such service or any part thereof is prohibited and declared to be unlawful." And in course of time we shall learn how court reviews sustain or modify the orders of the commission to the railroads. A full year should elapse before positive judgment is attempted upon the worth or imperfections of the rate law.

Duties of the States and Their Citizens.

A year ago Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives, made an address in Philadelphia in which he spoke of the changes that had been wrought in the American Government during the period of his activity in public life. Chief among these, and to Mr. Cannon most to be regretted, he put the shirking of their duties by the States, and the growth of the habit of appealing for Federal correction of abuses which properly fell within the sphere of the States. Mr. CANNON declared that the situation might be described better as an effort by the States to avoid doing their work than as a deliberate attempt by the Washington

authorities to usurp State, rights. Senator FORAKER in his address at Steubenville on Decoration Day emphasized the same thought. He was not speaking in defence of State rights, he than is our own. The eyes of Latin said, but pleading for the protection of Americans are still riveted on southern the national Government "against the encroachments of the States and of private interests." He continued:

"The States to day seem not only inclined to allow, but in many instances are anxious voluntarily to surrender to the Federal Government the discharge of duties and the exercise of powers reserved by the Constitution to themselves, especially when the exercise of those powers and privileges shyolves the expenditure of money. They are soliciting or acquiescing in a Federal supervision of their domestic affairs to an extent that less than half a century ago, had the Federal Government attempted such a thing, would have led to a revo

The list of specific cases in which the only within the powers but distinctly among the duties of the States or of private enterprises prepared by Mr. For-AKER is a startling one. From the oyster beds of Maryland to the slaughter houses of the West, from testing building mate-

streams for the benefit of investors, the Government is invited to put its finger in every pie, and settle the bill. When even an incomplete list of its activities is read, the reason why a citizen of Massachusetts appealed for Federal clemency in a case disposed of in the State courts and the explanation of the New York pushcart men's request for Federal aid in the adjustment of one of their periodical

disputes become plain. While this glad submission to a centralized bureaucracy is in progress, while the States and their citizens are joyously divesting themselves of powers, rights and privileges, the cry of "Home Rule" is not stilled for a moment. This is one of the most amusing inconsistencies that characterize the passion for Federal control. It is asked for, pleaded for, prayed for: and then its principle is noisily denounced from a thousand platforms by countless speakers. Another interesting aspect of the matter is the fact that while the increased field of Federal activity necessitates greater expenditures by the nation, the cost of conducting the Governments of the States and of their political subdivisions does not decrease, but grows steadily. The burden of taxation is not lessened, nor is it likely to be as long as the craze continues.

Japan and Latin America.

The awful Saturday Review, having failed to embroil us with the Germans by imputing to the latter a desire to annex southern Brazil, has discovered a new object of danger ahead for the United States. Assuming an identity of ethnic origin for the Japanese and the Indians of Latin America, it suggests that among the surprises of the future may be the development of a widespread Japanese influence on the Latin American continent, based on ethnic grounds, which may upset the supremacy over the Western Hemisphere which Americans have hitherto supposed to be the "manifest destiny" of their republic. To us the notion that Japanese states-

men, who are amply endowed with common sense, would in their projects of expansion abandon the line of least resistance and turning their backs upon their neighbors in Corea, Manchuria and north central Asia seek affiliations and territorial acquisitions on the further side of earth's widest ocean, the southern Pacific, seems exquisitely ridiculous. Long before the gaze of Japanese ambition shall have been turned toward that far distant and dim horizon it will have fastened on a prize close at hand, namely, the Malay Archipelago, of which Great Britain owns a goodly share. Nay, if we recognize the importance of proximity, considered as a factor in military and naval operations, it would be incomparably easier for Japan to conquer the Canadian Northwest than to effect a permanent lodgment in Central or South America. Where would a Japanese fleet despatched, let us say, against Panama or Guayaquil or Callao or Valparaiso find stations for recoaling and repair?

As to entering into a discussion of the origin of the natives whom CORTEZ and PIZARRO found inhabiting Mexico and Peru at the date of the Spanish conquest of those countries, we prefer questions less academic. That is one of the unsolved and apparently unsolvable problems of ethnology. That the red Indian of the Mississippi and Missouri Certainly the "rebate" question is not valleys presents some striking points of so largely involved as Mr. BRYAN seems resemblance to the Mongolians may or From Manila comes the glad news that may not be true; but assuming the reality of the likeness, we should still have to predicate racial identity of the native Mexicans and Peruvians with the red Indian and a similar ethnic unity of the Japanese with the Mongolians. Now tion of the act of last year when we learn | it is notorious that the Japanese, particularly of recent years, have been disposed to repudiate ethnic connection with Mongolians, and by preference to claim

for themselves Malay relationship. The theory of origin which for some time has been growing in favor at Tokio regards the existing Japanese people as an amalgam resulting from the fusion of relatively civilized Malay invaders from the south with a hairy Aryan race, the survivors of which are still to be found in the island of Yezo. That there may be also in the mixture a Mongolian element is scarcely disputed, but its importance is minimized. Under the circumstances we much doubt whether a Japanese savant would be gratified to find ascribed to him racial oneness with native Mexicans and Peruvians, alleged offshoots of prehistoric Mongolians who may have migrated to the Western Hemisphere by way of Bering

Strait or the Aleutian Islands. But if it would require a microscope to detect any ground for sympathy between the highly cultured Japanese and the half civilized Mexicans and Peruvians that were subjugated by CORTEZ and PIZARRO it is even more difficult to see how any powerful attraction could be exercised on the present inhabitants of Latin American countries by the subjects of the Mikado. Numerically, no doubt, the native Indian in those countries constitutes a large factor of their population, but of influence he is almost utterly destitute. From a religious, a political and a social viewpoint Central and South American civilization is exclusively Latin, and Latin civilization, as being less open minded, is even less sympathetic to the Japanese Europe, the cradle of their arts, their manners and their faith, and it is scarcely possible to conceive of them turning with fellow feeling or with longing to Far

Eastern nations. If the awful Saturday Review really wants to frighten us it will have to devise a more plausible scarecrow than the suggested overthrow of the Monroe Doctrine by Japan.

Americans in International Sport This Year.

Three of the many competitions in British sport this season having Amernation has undertaken tasks that are not licans as participants are already finished. In each the reigning American champion-the title holder, to borrow a term from classic PIERCE EGAN-had crossed the ocean to take part. The gleaning, however, has been more of rue than of laurel. Always capricious, the rials for private contractors to the judg- god of luck has also been ungallant; his

ing of water powers in non-navigable first victim was Miss HARRIOT CUBTIS, in the women's golf championship. This time the course was Newcastle, Ireland, and that phenomenal golfing colleen Miss MAY HEZLET was the winner. JAY GOULD won the court tennis championship in London. At St. Andrews, EBEN MARSHALL BYERS was struck down by PATTERSON of Edinburgh"!

> Since the news of BYERS's defeat our golfers have been asking for information about Patterson, the striker. There is no Patterson on the records of the game since that shoemaker of Edinburgh who was the partner of WILLIAM IV. in a foursome; with his share of the wager won by himself and the King he built a house in the Canongate. The cable's identification of the present PATTERSON does not explain, for everybody golfs in Edinburgh. Is he a descendant of the shoemaker? Or is it that the public course of the Braids nurtured the conqueror of our champion? Had the victor been JAMES ROBB, ROBERT MAXWELL, A. G. BARRY or H. H. HILTON no gasp of amazement would have followed the announcement in America. Byers has been a good and plucky golfer in this country and better fortunes had been hoped for him at St. Andrews.

JAY GOULD is the most precocious court tennis player the world has ever seen and one of the very best, as high in class and more graceful in style than EUSTACE H. MILES, that paragon of tennis and apostle of proteid foods. Diet has never worried the winner, who has eaten whatever his mother has ordered for the day, and his services and volleys may not be attributed to a nut sauce or to a concentrated food biscuit.

Court tennis is a mediæval institution in England. An insular prejudice that the heaven born amateurs of the game were to be met only at the courts of English clubs and country houses has been shattered. The British populace, loyal to its lords and their pastimes, is inclined to lionize JAY GOULD. Meantime the winner is thinking of a polo match at Paris, and in the fall he enters at Columbia University. He may be trying for the crew or the track team when next the British court tennis championship is on the cards.

Progress of Simplified Spelling.

Two special circulars issued by the Simplified Spelling Board under date of May 22 and May 23 inform a waiting world of splendid progress made by the League of Periodicals for Simplified Spelling. The reform advances steadily in all parts of the world. The Los Angeles Golden Elk, monthly, uses the Three Hundred Words (capitalization according to simplified spelling standards). Three stars before the name of the Journal of Kingman, Kan., indicate it has progressed more rapidly than the board, and spells even worse than any one had a right to hope. In Woodsboro, Md., the Banner of Liberty uses more than the Tweive recommended by the National Educational Association, but not all the Three Hundred (capitalization simplified). It is willing to go the limit.

In Minnesota the Liberator, monthly, stands for the Three Hundred, more or less. The Twice-a-Week Range of Raton, N. M., takes the Twelve and a few, while in New York the monthly Altruria uses the Three Hundred, being a star behind the St. Louis Altruist, which "goes considerably beyond." The Truth Seeker has mutilated only the Twelve. Gossip uses the Twelve, but it shies at the Three Hundred. The Templars of Temperance of Allentown, Pa., has followed where the board led, but in Nashville, Tenn., the Southern Post Card Magazine has not been able to make the full distance.

It is gratifying to learn that numerous influential publications are ready to join the league. First among them on the list stands the Leader of Morenci, Ariz. The A.O. U.W. Guide of Bentonville, Ark., comes next. The San Francisco Pandex of the Press is likewise willing to get on the job. Chicago contributes Youth and Health, Goshen, Ind., the Cooking Club Magazine, simplified Centerville, Ia., the Iowegian. The Harness Gazette of Rome, N. Y., signifies its willingness to spell as badly as anybody else dares, as do the Vellow Jacket of Moravian Falls, N. C., the Rotary of Lisbon, N. D., and the Jersey Hustler of Lebanon, Ohio. The Salt Lake City Character Builder has joined forces with Der Herold of Eau Claire, Wis., Our Monthly of Clinton, S. C., and La Stella Coloniale of Argyle, Pa., for the perpetration of clipped words.

With these warriors in the cause are included La Correspondencia of Cienfuegos, Cuba, and many other publications. In all, 200 periodicals have signified their intention to be led by the masters of the speech. July 1 has been fixed as the date for the massacre of the silent letters. Those old and troublesome friends have but a short time left. Please omit flowers.

It is like a piece of breakfast bacon, a streak of lat and a streak of lean.—Peesident RIPLET of the Alchison Rallroad upon the Indianapolis speech. Some people like lean bacon and some fat. The President strives to please.

What we want to train in our colleges is men of mental power and mental interest and not mere physical beings.—President ELIOT of Harvard. Weakling!

The question of candidacy cannot be settled by few leaders. The people will sit in judgment. WILLIAM of Lincoln. Excepting, of course, the people whom

Mr. BRYAN "reads out of the party."

The magazine debate of BRYAN and BEVERIDGE makes no ripple on the current of affairs. The threadbare arguments of BRYAN fall flat, and his opponent's torrent of words appears to be altogether wasted. Few discuss or even read these efforts to show from different points of view how the United States may remedy all the economic evils with which we are, as individuals and as a community, actually or presumably

Must we believe that the Bryan and the Beveridge brands of salt have lost their

Bavor?

Unprecedented. Knicker-I hear there was a railroad accident.

Bocker-Yes, a whole day passed without the President making a speech against them. No Mollycoddle. Knicker-Does Jones shrink from physical paint

HYPNOTISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The story in THE SUN last Sunday of a physician in northern New York who claims to have produced various more or less remarkable cures through the use of hypnotism prompts me to write. It is not to be questioned at this time that many seeming "cures" have resulted from hypnotism, but it may be stated with certainty that there is no case on record where there has been an actual cure-where there has not been a recurrence of the trouble soon after the hypnotic suggestion has spent its potential force; and there are so many instances in which these alleged oures have resulted in insanity, imbecility, &c., that it hardly seems possible that any reputable physician would attempt to use this little understood and deadly power.

Hypnotism is a violation of a law of nature; It is a brain paralysis and the substitution of the mind of the operator for that of the patient, and even in those instances in which the mind of the operator is pure and wholesome there is a breaking down of the barriers intended for the protection of the individual's own being and an exposing of his inmost self to the less scrupulous operator who may come afterward. In other words, hypnotism is a destructive process; it obscures the individual, takes from him the God given right to work out his own problems in life and places that power in the hands of another; and no mere temporary physical alleviation can possibly justify any man, woman or child surrendering to the hypnotic control of any other human being. That is a prosti-tution not of the body but of the soul, and the physician who encourages this practice is assuming a responsibility which no man with a proper appreciation of the divine right of individual, responsible life would ever undertake. All constructive power is potential for good; all destructive power is dedicated to evil, and hypnotism does not build up the individual soul or body; it deadens the sensibilities of the individual and gives place to the potent will of the operator. Every experiment simply weakens the victim's power of resistance, leaving him open to assaults upon his vital forces from every mountebank who may choose to experiment upon him.

The physician who resorts to hypnotism may produce temporary results which are apparently beneficial, but he is laying the foundation for the disintegration of the personal ego and is working a wrong against himself and his victim. Every intelligent man, woman and child should refuse to sanotion such practice; it is deadly in its effects and can do no permanent good. NEW YORK, May 30. BENJAMIN S. DEAN.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

To the Editor of The Sun-Sir. The general theory of evolution, so ably and vigorously expounded and defended by E. W., I have never presumed to criticise, though it has sometimes occurred to me that in this case as in others a grand discovery might be carrying us rather too far. However, whatever may have been the process of development, man is what he is: something essentially different from the brutes. He is progressive, which none of the brutes are or show any sign of becom-"E. W." recognizes posterity as an object of our interest and care. What brute shows any regard for posterity? What brute shows any sign of having a moral ideal, or looks forward, as man does to the improvement of its race? "E. W." describes resistance to wrong as merely opposition to "waste." Is there nothing more in the self-sacrifice of the hero or the martyr? The Christian ideal, whatever its source, did not present itself as mere opposition to waste; yet we see what a part it has played.

The Doctor and the Big Fee.

GOLDWIN SMITH

To the Editor of The Sun-Sir: I think the doctor who saved the rich man's daughter in two visits and who collected \$1,000 by presenting his bill at the psychological moment, when the service vas gratefully acknowledged, is a mere figment of the imagination of my good friend "Medicus." Every one who reads the parable will feel sorry or the rich man and join with him in crying Robbery and extortion."

The practice of medicine is founded on benevolence. Its disciples can never claim a value for their services proportionate to their worth to the recipient. The lawyer or business man who holds a key that will unlock a treasure for an ignorant or unconscious owner may conventionally claim a large proportion of the gain for himself. The doctor must content himself with receiving the intrinsic value of the key itself.

Miss Simpkinson at Rockaway. A delegation from the Rockaway Beach Taxpayers' Association called upon the First Deputy
Police Commissioner in Brooklyn this afternoon
to ask that the police act as censors of the bathing
suits worn by the women during the coming summer. The spokesman declared that for the last
few years the loud costumes of some women bathers had become a disgrace to the beach. Many of
the women, he said, put on bathing suits with no
intention of going in the water. Instead they spent
their time promenading through the streets of
Rockaway and were usually to be seen in the ice
cream saloons.—New York Erening Post.

I was in Rockaway last week.

I was in Rockaway last week. I met a little vulgar girl. I said: "What make you here! Your petticoat and stockings Make all who meet you whiri." Again I said: "What make you here, You little vulgar girl?"

She frowned, that little vulgar girl: She deemed I meant to soof And when you jolly vulgar girls A little sets them off. She put her hand upon her hip, Her little bosom rose, She sniffed a sniff which lifted up Her vulgar little nose.

"Why, don't you know, my little friend, That don't go here," I said. "A girl while wearing what you've on Run down and play among the waves, Else your ma will scold. Oh, fie, It's very wrong indeed for lit-Tle girls to be so fly."

She pulled a wrinkled stocking smooth And tightened up a string, Her bosom throbbed with merriment She laughed like anything "If I should wet this suit," she said 'Ma then would scold, you bet; So If you please, I'll stay up here And not go in-just yet.

"I have not bad, this livelong day, So much as a banana"
(She vulgarly pronounced this word
As if it rhymed with manner), "And now I'm here, on this here pier, it is my fixed intent And get some nourishment,

"For shame, for shame, you vulgar girl For shame," I sternly said. You are a naughty girl to take Such things into your head. The people of this place object To such displays of legs: you stay here they'll look you up As sure as eggs is eggs.

I went and told the constable About the vulgar girl He listened, stiffened up his back And gave his club a twirl But when I said, "Arrest the wretch And take her off the pier," He smiled and said he rather thought

The taxes have come out And made it known they will not have Such vulgar girls about: The pier, on pleasure bent, I'll see no sicute to drive away

But they who pay in Rockaway

AUGUSTE RENOIR.

What Is Impressionism ? I.

isfied. That is, never to be satisfied with your work or your success. And this idea seems to have animated Auguste Renoir during his long, honorable career of painter. In common with several members of the impressionistic group to which he belonged he suffered from hunger, neglect, obloquy; but when prosperity did at last appear he did not succumb to the most dangerous enemy that besets the artist. He fought success as he conquered failure, and his continual dissatisfaction with himself, the true critical spirit, has led him to many fields-he has been portraitist, genre painter, landscapist, delineator of nudes, a marine painter and a master of still life. This versatility, amazing and incontrovertible, has perhaps clouded the real worth of Renoir for the public. Even after acknowledging his indubitable gifts, the usual critical doubting Thomas grudgingly remarks that if Renoir could not draw like Degas, paint land and water like Monet or figures like Manet, he was at least a naturally endowed colorist! How great a colorist he was may be seen at the Metropolitan Museum, where his big canvas, "La Famille Charpentier," recently acquired by the mu-

seum authorities, is now hung. Charpentier was the publisher of Zola, Goncourt, Flaubert and of the newer realists. He was a man of taste, who cultivated friendships with distinguished artists and writers. Some disappointment was experienced at the recent public sale of his collection in Paris. The clou of the sale was undoubtedly the portrait of his wife and two children. It was sold for the surprising sum of 84,000 francs to M. Durand-Ruel, who acted in behalf of the Metropolitan Museum. Another canvas by Renoir fetched 14,050 france. A sanguine of Puvis de Chavannes brought 2,050 francs, and 4,700 france was paid for a Cezanne picture. The Charpentier family, originally en-

hibited at the Salon of 1879, and there we saw and admired it. The passage of the years has tempered the glistening brilliancies and audacious chromatic modulations to a suave harmony that is absolutely fascinating. The background is Japanese. Mme. Charpentier is seated on a canopy surrounded by furniture, flowers, under feet a carpet with Arabesque designs. She throws one arm carelessly over some rich stuff: the hand is painted with masterly precision. The other arm has dropped in her lap. She is an interesting woman of that fine material type so often encountered in real France-though not in French fiction, alas! Her gaze is upon her children, two adorable little girls. A superb dog: St. Bernard, with head resting on paws, looks at you with watchful eyes. He lies between the girls. He is their playmate. The mother is in black, a mellow reception robe, tulie and lace. White and blue are the contrasting tones of the girls-the blue is marvellously tender. A chair is at the side of a lacquer table upon which are flowers. Renoir flowers, dewy, blushing, You exclaim: "How charming!" It is normal French painting, not the painting of the schools with their false ideal of pseudo-Greek beauty, but the intimate, clear, refined and logical style of a man who does not possess the genius of Manet, Degas or Monet, but is nevertheless an artist of copiousness, charm and originality. Charm; yes, that is the word. There is a voluptuous magnetism in his color that draws you to him whether you approve of his capricious designs or not. The museum paid \$18,480 for Charpentier portraits, and in 1877, after an exposition in the rue Le Peletier, sixteen of his paintings, many of them masterpleces, netted the mortifying sum of 2,005 francs. Pierre-Auguste Renoir was born at Limoges, February 25, 1840. His father

was a poor tailor with five children, who went to Paris hoping to better his condition. At the age of 12 the boy was painting on porcelain-his father had picked up some rudiments of the art at Limoges. Auguste did so well, displayed such energy and taste that he soon fell to decorating blinds, and saved, in the course of four years, enough money to enable him to enter the atelier of Gleyre. There he met Sisley, Bazilleafterward shot in the Franco-Prussian war -and Claude Monet. They became friends and later allies in the conflict with the Parisian picture public. Renoir made his first offering to the Salon in 1863. It was refused. It was a romantic bit-a nude lady reclining on a bed listening to the plucked music of a guitar. It seems that the guitarist, and not the lady, was the cause of offence. It is a convention that a thousand living beings may look at an undressed female in a picture, but no painted man may be allowed to occupy with her the same apartment. In 1884 Renoir tried again-after all, the Salon, like our own academy, is a market place-and was admitted. He sent in an Esmeralda dancing. Both these canvases were destroyed by the painter when he began to use his eyes. In 1868 his "Lise" betrayed direct observation of nature, influenced by Courbet. Until 1873 he sent pictures to the Salon; that year he was shut out with considerable unanimity, for his offering happened to be an Algerian subject, a Parisian woman dressed in Oriental costume, and-horrors!-the shadows were colored. He was become an impressionist. He had listened, or rather looked at the baleful pyrotechnics of Monet, and so he joined the secessionists, though not disdaining to contribute annually to the Salon. In 1874 his magnificent "L'allee Cavilière au Bois de Boulogne" was rejected, an act that was evidently inspired by desire to sacrifice Renoir for the artistic crimes of Edouard Manet. Otherwise how explain why this easily comprehended composition, with its attractive figures, daring hues and brilliant technique, came to have the door of the Salon closed upon it?

The historic exposition at Nadar's photographic studio, on the Boulevard des Capucines, of the impressionists, saw Renoir in company with Monet, Sisley and the others. His "La Danseuse" and "La Loge" were received with laughter by the discerning critics. Wasn't this the exhibition of which Albert Wolff wrote that some lunatics were showing their wares, which they called pictures, &c. (No. it was in 1875.) From 1868 to 1877 Renoir closely studied nature and his landscapes took on those violet tones which gave him the nickname of Monsieur Violette. Previously he had employed the usual clear green with the yellow touches in the shadows of conventional paysagistes. But Pissaro, Monet, Sisley and Renoir had discovered each for himself that the light and shade in the open air vary according to the hours, the seasons, the atmospheric conditions. Monet and Pissaro in painting snow and frost effects under the sun did not hesitate to put blue tones in the shadows. Sisley was fond of rose tones, Renoir saw violet in the shadows. He enraged his spectators quite as much as did Monet with his purple turkeys. His striking "Avant le bain" was sold for 140 francs in 1875. Any one who has been lucky enough to see it at Durand-Ruel's, Thirty-sixth street, will cry out at the stupidity which did not recognize a masterly bit of painting with its glowing, nacreous fiesh tints, its admirable modelling. its pergading air of vitality. Renoir was

never a difficult painter, that is in the sense of Monet or Manet or Gauguin. He offended the eyes of 1875, no doubt, but there was in him during his first period much of Boucher; his female nudes are, as Camille Mauclair writes, of the eighteenth century; his tech-The secret of success is never to be satnique is Boucherlike: "fat and sleek paint of soft brilliancy, laid on with the palette knife with precise strokes around the principal values; pink and ivory tints relieved by streng blues similar to those of enamels; the light distributed everywhere and almost excluding the opposition of the shadows;

has thus far shown no hint of the bitter

psychology of Edgar Degas. His nudes

are pagan, child women full of life's joy.

animal, sinuous, unreasoning. His genre

tableaux are personal enough, though in

the most commonplace themes, such as

"Déjeuner" and "The Box"-both have been

exhibited in New York-the luminous en-

velope, the gorgeous riot of opposed tones,

the delicious dissonances literally trans-

vention.

figure the themes. In his second manner his affinities to Claude Monet and impressionism are more marked. His landscapes are more atmospheric, division of tones inevitably practised. Everything swims in aerial tones. His portraits, once his only means of subsistence, are the personification of frankness. The touch is broad flowing. Without doubt, as Théodore Duret asserts, Renoir is the first of the impressionistic portrait painters; the first to apply unflinchingly the methods of Manet and Monet to the human face-for Manet, while painting clear on clear tones (what magic there is in his gold!) in portraiture seldom employed the hatchings of colors, except in his landscapes, and only then after 1870, when he had come under the influence of Monet's theories. Mauclair points out that fifteen years before pointillisme (the system of dots, like eruptive smallpox, instead of the touches of Monet) was invented, Renoir in his portrait of Sisley used the stipplings. He painted Richard Wagner at Palermo in 1882. In his third manner-an arbitrary titled "Portrait de Madame Charpentier et classification-he combines the two earlier Ses Filles," was painted in 1878, first extechniques, painting with the palette knife and in divided tones. Flowers, barbario designs for rugs, the fantastic, vibrating waters, these appear among that long and varied series of canvases in which we see Paris enjoying itself at Bougival, dancing on the heights of Montmartre, strolling among the trees at Armenonville; Paris quivering with holiday joys, Paris in outdoor humor-and not a discordant or vicious note in all this psychology of love and sport; The lively man who in shirt sleeves dances with the jolly, plump salesgirl, the sunlight dripping through the vivid green of the tree leaves, lending dazzling edges to profiles, tips of noses or fingers, is not the sullen ouvrier of Zola or Toulouse-Lautree-nor are the girls kin to Huysman's "Sœurs Vatard" or the "human document" of Degas. Renoir's philosophy is not profound: for him life is not a curse or a kiss, as we used to say in the old Swinburne days. He is a painter of joyous surfaces and he is an incorrigible optimist. He is also a poet. The poet of air, sunshine and beautiful women-can we ever forget his Jeanne Samary? A pantheist, withal a poet and a direct descendant in the line of Watteau, Boucher, Monticelli, with an individual touch of mundane grace and elegance. Mme. Charpentier it was who cleverly

engineered the portrait of herself and children and the portrait of Jeanne Samary into the 1879 Salon. The authorities did not dare to refuse two such distinguished women. Renoir's prospects became brighter. He married. He made money. Patrons began to appear, and in 1904, at the autumn Salon, he was given a special salle, and homage was done him by the young men. No sweeter gift can come to a French painter than the unbidden admiration of the rising artistic generation. Renoir appreciated his honors; he had worked laboriously, had known poverty and its attendant bedfellows and had won the race run in the heat and dust of his younger years. THE Suy in 1904, describing the autumn exhibition, wrote: "In the Renoir salle a few of the better things of this lucious brush were to be found, paintings of his middle period, that first won him favor. For example, "Sur la Terrasse," with its audacious crimson, like the imperious challenge of a trumpet 'La Loge" and its gorgeous fabrics; "Baigneuse" in a light green scheme the quaint head of Jeanne Samary-s rival portrait to Besnard's faunlike Réjane-and a lot of Renoir's later experimentings, as fugitive as music; exploding bouquets of iridescence; swirling panels, depicting scenes from Tannhäuser; a flower garden composed of buds and blossoms in color scales that begin at a bassemerald and ascend to an altitudinous green where green is no longer green, but an opaline reverberation. We know how exquisitely Renoir moulds his female heads, building up, cell by cell, the entire mask. The simple gestures of daily life have been recorded by Renoir for the past forty years with a fidelity and a vitality that shames the anæmic imaginings and puling pessimisms of his younger contemporaries What versatility, what undaunted desire to conquer new problems! He has in turn painted landscapes as full of distinction as Monet's. The nervous vivacity of his brush, his love of rendered surfaces, of melting Boucherlike heads and of a dazzling Watteau color synthesis have endeared him to the discriminating." He may be deficient in spiritual elevation-as were Manet, Monet and the other Impressionists but as they were primarily interested in problems of lighting, in painting the sun and driving the old mud gods of academic art from their thrones, it is not strange that the new men became so enamored of the colored appearances of life that they left out the ghosts of the ideal (that dusty, battered phrase) and proclaimed themselves rank sun worshippers. The generation that succeeded them is endeavoring to restore the balance between unblushing pantheism and the earlier mysticism. But wherever a Renoir hangs there will be eyes to feast upon his opulent and sonorous color music. The Etiquette of Flag Flying by Consuls.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I notice in the Sun an account of the discourtesy shown Dr. Jones, the new American Vice Consul at Winnipeg. because he displayed upon Victoria Day the Stars and Stripes with the Union Jack underneath. If Dr. Jones had been familiar with the ruling of the Department he would have known that unde no circumstances must be fly the Union Jack, and that the display of the Stars and Stripes was suffi cient honor and compliment to the day being cele brated. In any case, if he thought it necessary to holst the flag of the country to which he was accred ited, that flag should have been flown on a separate staff and not beneath the flag of his own country.

What would we think in New York of a foreign Consul who on Decoration Day or the Fourth of July holsted the flag of the country he represented and hung the Stars and Stripes underneath it? The blunder of Dr Jones Mustrates the need of a proper civil service examination in connection with diplo matic and consular appointments in this country that will prevent us from sending abroad men ignorant of their duties and who frequently make themselves a laughing stock by the methods they mploy to prove their patriotism. New York, June 1.

A Boston Attraction.

From the Boston Record. The trolleyman's "Please go out by the nearer door," said in the Park street station, is beautiful and correct grammar, and has attracted the attention of those that visit/Boston.

THE MOTOR SPEED LIMIT. Decasions When It is Reasonable or Safe

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Referring to the letter of F. S. Sturgis in THE SUN of May 30, there is no doubt that he shows

that Magistrate Wahle's motor speed theories are as full of holes as the front of a radiator, but there can never be an intelligent regulation of automobile speeds until the laws are changed entirely.

As a motorist well known among my friends as an exceptionally careful driver I would point out to Mr. Sturgis one case in which vivacious attitudes and decorative con-Magistrate Wahle's theory might be applied Vivacious, happy, lyrical, Renoir's work

correctly. A car should be allowed to exceed the limit when going up a grade. To get up a hill well a car must have a run at it, and with reasonably clear roads that car, doing perhaps twenty miles an hour up hill, may be stopped more easily than a car run-Popular opinion among motorists and non-

motorists is strongly against speeding, and the growing consideration shown by motorists to other users of the road (in the way of stopping or slowing down when a horse is stopping or slowing town when a love is frightened, and when necessary stopping the engine and leading the horse by the machine, as I have done on several occasions) is causing the public and the police to view the speed limit with less rigor. Short spurs above twelve miles an hour, such as are made

speed limit with less rigor. Short spurts above twelve miles an hour, such as are made when a motor starts up to get around moving vehicles, seem to be regarded by the police as legitimate, and they are legitimate, though not within the letter of the law. It is often safer to pass other vehicles in this way than to slow down and run in behind them until room is made to get around.

As far as I see the New York police are very tolerant in regard to the speed of motors. Occasionally I hear of an arrest which seems to be a rather strict enforcement of the law, but my friends tell me, and it is my own experience, that with clear roads one may run up to about fifteen miles an hour in this city without danger of arrest: certainly without much danger of it. The police are on the lookout for speeders who violate the law flagrantly. Respectable automobilists should be the first to see that the high speed brigade it is my observation that most of the speed-

be the first to see that the high speed brigade is punished.

It is my observation that most of the speeders are young men, college boys and the harebrained sons of rich men. They like to rig themselves in racing drivers' costumes and drive fast, just as the four-year-old child likes a soldier suit and a tin sword. They don't mean any harm any more than they would if they carelessly threw a lighted cigarette into a waste paper basket. They just naturally "ain't got no sense."

I meet them on the Boston post road hitting it up as high as fifty miles an hour, especially the Yele boys in a hurry to reach New York. If the rich papas gave them tricycles that looked like automobiles it would be more fitting. They ought to play in their own yards with their governesses instead of using the highways as a playground. I met four of them racing last week. When I came back I found a grocery wagon ditched by the dear young raacals! The mischievous little creat-

f them racing last week. When I came base if them racing last week. When I came base found a grocery wagon ditched by the dear roung rascals! The mischlevous little creatares might have hit a carriage load of women just as well, of course. My, my, boys will be hove! New York, May 31.

Amenities in Official Verse.

TOTHE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: There a poet in the New York Post Office. I make this statement without fear of successful contradiction from Washington or any other place, because I have the proofs and can show what I am talking about.

Recently I had occasion to suggest to the postmaster that the mail box at the corner of Fifty-fifth street and Sixth avenue was food for the junk man, and wouldn't Uncle Sam please give us something in its stead that was a really and truly mail box. Promptly we got it and it was a nice, new, fresh green one. I was so elated over it that I expressed my thanks to the postmaster in a quatrain f gratefulness done on a postal card. There I thought the incident closed. But no. This morning I received an official communication from the "Office of the Postmaster," done up in the imposing and displifed manner common to all official communications of mportance, to the following effect:

DEAR SIR: The P. M. wished me to say. In reply to your card of the other day. He is glad that the mail box suits you so, And as the years will come and go He hopes that most of its conte Will be from you and will recompense To help give the public satisfaction,

Isn't that grand? It makes a plain ordinary poetaster feel like he has a real pull with the Government, doesn't it? A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind of comfortable in a large city like this, where the little are so little and the big are so big. postmasters. Anyway, we've got a new mail box on our corner and I've got a "P. M." poem, so I have come out of it in very good shape, thank you PLAIN POET NEW YORK, June 1.

Smuggling Along Mexican Border.

From the Washington Post. the Mexican border sixty feet in width for the pur-pose of preventing smuggling," said Lee Williams of El Paso. "I don't know where the President ot his advice, but to me it is apparent that nobody along the border was consulted before the procla-mation was issued. The new sixty foot strip will be simply an aid to amugging instead of assisting

"Until a few years ago Mexico maintained the zona libre,' or free zone, which was fifteen miles n width, and yet even this liberal free strip did not prevent smuggling into Mexico on an enormous scale, but as a matter of fact facilitated smuggling. I know several men who made fortunes out of the free zone before their smuggling operations were stopped by the abolition of the zone. The fact is that with a border 2,600 miles in length, most of it sparsely populated, smuggling cannot be en-tirely stopped."

Christian Science Church Architecture TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Whatever

may be said of Christian Science as a religion or a cure, either for it or against it, there is no question in my mind that in the architecture of its church buildings it has set an example that every denomination should follow. Of course the Christian Scientists are not as poor as the first Christians were, and they have been able to give architects all the money necessary, but even that does not always insure beautiful results, as we know outside organization has the proper sense of proportions and fitness, and the Christian Science churches. large and small, as shown in the buildings all over the country, are not only a wide departure from the traditional church architecture, but they a most satisfying to the eye and to the sense of ness. If Christian Science does no more than ness. If Christian Science does no more than re-form church architecture it will assuredly not have lived in vain

> Willing but Doubting Follower. From the Washington Herald

Adial E. Stevenson, formerly Vice-President of the United States, is fond of telling of an odd ex-perience he had shortly after the civil war. At that time David Davis was much talked of as the man to run against General Grant for the Presidency. A conference was held in Mr. Stevenson's Bloomington residence, many leading lillinois an other Democrats being present. A good deal was said about the possible candidacy of Mr Davis but no one happened to mention his first name After the conference broke up Mr. Stevenson dre an old farmer friend into a corner and asked his opinion. The farmer was from the extreme south ern end of Hilnols. He said: "Well, Adla! know I've followed your lead in politics for a good while, and I'm going to do it now. But honest, Adlat, don't you think it's a leetle mite cari) to nominate Jeff Davis?"

Town Clock in Hock.

From the Kansas City Journal.
The Independence town clock is not yet on the ours house tower, and may not be for several days although the county court and the Independent city council last week agreed upon a division of the expense of installing the clock. When an of the court went to the jewelry store in which the lewel'er refused to let the timepiece leave his shound a bill for \$110 for maintenance had been pai The county court seems to be of the opinion that the jeweller got chough advertising out of the preence of the noted clock in his shop to pay for the trouble of its keep and yesterday afternoon refus-

From a Nature Faker.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir! This is so A snall decided to cross the road. He was seven years in doing so. Just after reaching the other side he looked over his shoulder and saw a hear? wagon passing by, and said: "It is a great thing to be quick."

ADNTE TRUTHFUL

NEW YORK, June 1